



"LIBERTY—FRATERNITY—UNITY"—THE WATCHWORDS OF THE RACE.

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By reference to another department of the *Journal*, our readers will find a list of books selected and kept for sale by the Harmonial Association of this city. It will be seen that this list comprises those works which have the most intimate relation to the constitution, laws, and improvement of Man,—viewing him in the several stages of his progress as he ascends the majestic scale of being, which reaches from his lowest rudimental state to his entrance into a higher Sphere. In this selection the sublimated principles of Spiritual Philosophy are viewed as constituting the loftiest portions of the divine temple of Truth, which must rest on the deep foundation of physiological laws and conditions,—while all these combined have a natural tendency toward the enlightenment and reformation of the race, as the ultimate end towards which they are directed. Let these works be read, studied and practiced, and the world will grow rapidly wiser and better.

Principles of Reform.

PROPERTY AND ITS RIGHTS.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

WE have seen that Property exists as the product of man's activity on a possession, which is his by birthright. The right to property thus produced, can not be questioned; it is to us a self-evident truth, which would involve the utmost folly to deny, or attempt to establish by rules of logic. Nor can any of the evils complained of, as attaching to the present relations of capital and labor, be justly attributed to this source. It will be seen on the contrary that they generally arise from direct violation of this right, and that to establish it on natural and scientific foundations, would be to abrogate all unequal and unjust operations of business, which now enable the indolent rich to plunder the toiling poor.

But it must still be remembered, that this right is second to the other of possessions, from which alone it flows; so that in fact the consistent recognition of one must result in the recognition of the other. But it is necessary that the terms be explicitly defined. That property is the product of man's activity is well enough; but then by trade, it has been made to mean other things as well; indeed any thing else, but this. It seems another self-evident proposition that *the product of human labor can only be exchanged for the product of human labor*. If this be true, then nothing can be property, but what has been produced by toil, human toil; and whoever claims protection under its rights, for that which has not thus been produced, is practising an imposition. It is not necessary to distinguish between actual creations, and that which has merely been "taken out of a state of nature;" for after all, we only change the relations, forms and combinations of things in our most elaborate productions. When this shall apply, however, to the primitive elements, as the earth, the air, and the water, something more must be understood than a mere fencing in, or still more questionable appropriation on paper. A legitimate use of these can only entitle one to assume property in them, and even then the property is not in them, for they are natural possessions, but simply in the products realized. If a man chooses to

infallibility is kept alive and before the people. But now is the time to investigate these positions, because never before was the world so full of scientific discovery.

In the light of the nineteenth century, the Mosaic account is notoriously unsound and fallible. We have a vast number of cogent reasons for rejecting the divine authority of Genesis. Let me ask your attention to a few of them.

First. "In the beginning God created heaven and earth." There are several philosophical objections to the truth of this statement. It is found that matter, though changeable, is *indestructible*—not a particle can be put out of existence. Chemists have tried the experiment in vain. Hence Nature declares that matter is an *eternal* substance, and could not have sprung from nothing. The *creation* of Matter implies the bringing of *something* into existence from *nothing*, which proposition no healthy mind can for a moment entertain. Here is one reason why we object to the Mosaic account.

Second. "And God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day and the darkness he called Night." Aside from the supernatural operation here implied, there are very strong scientific objections to this statement. But first let us notice the *internal* contradiction. You will observe that there were three days and three nights before God put "*lights* in the firmament of the heaven to *divide the day from the night*." Before the creation of a "greater light to rule the night," how—let me ask—could there have been "evening and mornings." But this objection is trivial in comparison to the following :

It is asserted that "Darkness was upon the face of the deep"—that God said let there be light, and there was light"—implying the absence at first of *all* light from the universe. This is in direct *antagonism* to *all* the *positive* discoveries of the age. "The celebrated speculation of La Place, now very generally received as probable by astronomers, concerning the origin of the earth and planets, participates essentially in the strictly inductive character of modern theory. The speculation is, that the *atmosphere of the sun* originally extended to the present limits of the solar system ; from which, by the process of cooling, it has *contracted* to its present dimensions. There is in La Place's theory," says Mill, in his system of Logic, "*nothing* hypothetical ; it is an example of legitimate reasoning from a present effect to a past cause, according to the known laws of that cause." Science demonstrates that first, heat, light, and electricity were in existence *before* the earth was formed ; but Genesis makes the earth to exist *previous* to light ! Nature and the Old Testament are here at war with each other. Which shall we believe ?

Third. The Mosaic account is unsound, because it teaches that the heavens and earth and all that in them is, were made all *perfect* at once. "The Almighty voice is addressed to chaos. Confusion hears it, and wild uproar stands ruled. The waters subside ; the verdant landscape is seen ; songs burst from every grove ; and stars, bright rolling, and silent-beaming, are hurled forth from the Almighty hand." And Genesis also affirms that man was more pure, perfect, and wise—more in unity with heaven and his Author—than the race is to day !

In absolute refutation of all this, how explicit are the positive declarations of universal nature ! The *first* types of vegetation, the *first* indications of animal life, the *first* things performed or invested by mankind, were rough, crude, incomplete and in every respect *inferior* to after developments. All things—trees, fish, birds, animals—grow from incompleteness to perfection, from rudeness to refinement, from the imperfect to the beautiful. And must all the declarations of Nature be overruled by the authority of a book whose origin is eastern and mythical !

Fourth. We object to Genesis because of another *internal* contradiction. The book asserts that "God saw *every* thing that he had made, and, behold, it was *very* good." If God saw *every* thing and pronounced every thing *good*—let me ask : who made the *wicked serpent* that tempted Eve ? If this animal was more subtle than any beast of the field—having the devil in him—who created them ? Who was it that made and pronounced every thing *good* ?

Fifth. Genesis can not be a true report of creation, because instead of

coinciding with the revelations of universal nature which prove the *gradual* formation of the globe by a cooling-off process, the progressive introduction or development of plants and animals on its surface by a natural method of growth, the account teaches the particular, the sudden, the miraculous, the incomprehensible creation of everything in six literal days.

Sixth. Genesis can not be a true report, because it contradicts the positive declarations of Astronomy. According to our system of chronological calculation. Moses makes the heavens and the earth about 6,000 years old. But astronomy declares that *light* requires *three hundred thousand years* to travel from one of the fixed stars ! to our earth ! This one fact alone proves that our globe has been in existence three hundred thousand years ! But you answer that all things are possible with God," Paul denies this (Heb. vi ch., 18 v.) and affirms by two *immutable* things it is impossible for God to lie." In this I believe with the apostle ; for I can not think that the Spirit of this beautiful universe is *capable* of an inconsistency !

Seventh. Genesis can not be a true report, because it belittles our ideas of God. The extent and grandeur of the universe, the resplendent objects and countless assemblages which people the empire of being, cleanse and purify the mind of all contracted notions of the Deity and his governments. But Moses destroys all consistent ideas of an omnipresent energizing Spirit, by describing him as a man making the universe in six days, and, being fatigued, as *resting* on the seventh ; and not only so, but as "walking in the garden in the cool of the day"—as any common Egyptian god would be supposed to do—with hands and feet, and a limited power of vision. "Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of an *omnipresent*, *omnipotent*, *omniscient* Spirit ! And an *omniscient* being, unable to find the guilty pair amongst the trees of the garden, began to call unto Adam : "Where art thou ?" And after the creation was getting along altogether too fast and wickedly for the Creator, then again, like an Egyptian god (Gen. vi ch., 6 v.), "it *repented* the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." Now all this is vastly too human and insignificant to be applied to the omniscient Spirit of this Universe. Every man, christian or pagan, when in his right mind, totally rejects the narrow and crawling idea of God advocated in the book of Genesis, and elsewhere, "A universe," says Rev. Thomas Dick, "vast, boundless, and incomprehensible, is just such as we ought *naturally* to expect from a Being who is infinite, eternal, and omnipresent ; whose *power* is uncontrollable, whose wisdom is unsearchable, and whose *goodness* is boundless and diffusive. All his plans and operations must be, like himself, vast, boundless, and inconceivable by mortals." Now I submit that *this idea* is not applicable to the Mosaic God of creation ?

Eighth. The most advanced thinkers among the supporters of the Mosaic theory, have, as I am fully aware, made a virtue of necessity, by abandoning the idea of *six literal days* of creation, and accepting, instead, the geological interpretation of epochs or "ages." The most learned of modern christian writers say, that the term "evening and the morning" must be accepted *figuratively* to mean the "ending and beginning" of indefinite stages of creative development. Very well : there can be no objection to putting a little *new* wine in an *old* bottle—if therefore the wine will but be more acceptable to creatures of habit. But here comes a trouble of inconsistency. If we are now to receive the six days as *figurative*, how shall we regard the *seventh day* on which the Lord rested ? If the six days signify "ages," what does the seventh day mean ? Why are we inconsistently and hypocritically keeping *one day* in each common week as the day hallowed by the repose of Deity, while, in our theory, we are compelled to accept the *six days* as uncertain, immeasurable, indefinite strides of creative development ? Here, again, the *positive* principles, and deductions of a philosophical theology stand in direct antagonism to the accounts of Moses.

There are before my mind *eighteen* other reasons, all equally cogent, going to invalidate the divine authority and intrinsic correctness of the very first chapters in King James's Bible. But we will let them pass, and ask attention to the *origin* of those chapters.

It is a singular and significant fact, that there is not a line in Egyp-

tian history alluding to the existence or prodigies of Moses. The Egyptians were a cultivated people. Like a chain of mountains, their wonderful pyramids extend far behind the period set to Noah's flood, without so much as mentioning such a marvellous catastrophe or event. Recent ethnological discoveries carry us into the remote past, or *eight thousand years* from the present time, making the Egyptian nation, with signs of the existence of a still *riper* civilization previously, two thousand years older than Moses sets to the creation of man. The hierologist is sustained by Chinese records, and the latter of geologic sciences.

And what is still more remarkable, the thrilling, mythic, and simple Orphic sayings and verses of Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and Greece, are, in conception and mostly in phraseology, *identical* with the *first part* of the book of Genesis. "And when the hieroglyphic characters of Egypt, Tartary, and Africa shall have been perfectly deciphered, it will be found, I think, that the cosmologic and demonologic relations of Moses were in existence nearly *two thousand years* before such a people as Jews had begun to be. These discoveries, however, will be tardily introduced, because every traveller and antiquarian knows that he is writing books to be read by protestant and sectarian readers.

Richard, in his work on Egyptian mythology, repudiates the idea that Moses was inspired to write the Pentateuch. He says, the five books of Moses carry with them *internal* evidence, *not* of one sole, connected, original composition, but they bear evidence of being a *compilation from earlier annals*. The genealogical tables and family records of various tribes, that are found embodied in the Pentateuch, bear the appearance of documents *copied from written* archives. They display no trait which might lead us to ascribe their production to the dictates of immediate revelation." The first ten chapters of Genesis, which contain an account of Creation, are nearly two thousand years older than the Jewish nation. The pyramids and obelisks of Egypt, and the hieroglyphic records on the land of Tartary, will when fairly brought to the light, reveal the oriental parentage of the books of Moses.

Perhaps you think me too far in advance of discovery. The celebrated Mr. Gliddon, in his carefully written work on "Ancient Egypt," says "There is no reason for supposing that other contemporary nations* did not possess, in those earlier times, similiar records; nor is there any reason why other contemporary nations should not have chronicled all great events, and handed down, as far as ourselves, some of the annals of those events on which the Bible, during an interval of *four hundred years*, is strictly silent." Two books, one entitled the "wars of Jehovah" and the other "Sepher-Hajasher" have been found which our Bible does not contain. How came these omissions?

Intelligent christians acknowledge that the present antiquated mode of biblical interpretation can not withstand the positive deductions of all the sciences and discoveries of the age. Regarded as a record of physical events, the Mosaic history can not be sustained. Hence many minds are driven into spiritual or symbolic interpretation. The creation of the world, the garden of Eden, the temptation and fall, the deluge and tower of Babel, are received by many as symbolic relations—as types of spiritual experiences and events—referring equally to nations and individuals. Swedenborg, distinguished for his historic and scientific knowledge, declares in his commentary on the Jewish Testament that these events and accounts can be understood and supported only in a *figurative* or spiritual sense—implying that a literal view of them, as entertained by New England Clergy and laity, is at once absurd, untenable, and unsupportable by Nature, Reason, Intuition, and history. It would consume our time to present Swedenborg's science of correspondences—but enough is adduced to show what reasonable men and scholars think of the Mosaic account. Swedenborg affirms that the early scriptures were written in correspondential language, of which the hieroglyphic scriptures of earth are vestiges. Every figure *symbolized* some particular idea. Thus, as some writer remarks, a *beetle* did not stand for a beetle only, but also for the *world*; an *asp*, corresponded to *royalty*; an *eagle*, to *courage*; the *lion*, to *strength*; a *ram's head*, to *intellect*; a *duck*, to a *doctor of medicine*; and a *goose* to a *doctor of divinity*.

*That is, nations existing at the time of the Israelites.

The idea that the Bible is a connected whole—without contradiction or inconsistency—is a superstition of the protestant priesthood. The intelligent and accomplished Jesuit entertains no such untenable opinion. He depends upon the external despotisms of organization, and upon the attractions of a well-regulated and venerable ecclesiasticism, for the success of his design upon the religious liberties of humanity. Protestantism and Catholicism deserve the same condemnation. They differ, not in the character of their notions respecting infallibility, but in *degree* only.

The Catholic idea of Pope and Church infallibility is simply an elongation or extension of the protestant idea of Old and New Testament infallibility.

The two parties are, in theory and theology, equally *foes* to the interests and liberties of the world. And I have shown, I think, that *one* should not be allowed to impose any more restrictions on the soul of man than the other—that is to say, neither is good enough to merit the support of intelligent, benevolent, free, and conscientious minds.

Have I said any thing against true religion? Because I reject the infallibility of Paul and the Pope—the infallibility of a book and a church;—am I therefore irreligious? The Old Testament is a statement of the ideas and events of the Patriarchial Age—the era of Force; the New Testament is a statement of the ideas and events of the transitional Age—the era of Love; the two, combined, form King James's Bible. But let me ask—why should the statement of one age *remain* the statement of all ages?

Can Religion be based on a book? This idea has obtained among christians; hence they imagine the heathen to be benighted, and *without* religion! Is God a respecter of persons or nations? Far from it. True Religion, like true anatomy and physiology, is *older* than books! There must be a Religion *older* than the Bible; a God *better* than it declares.

Did Newton learn astronomy in books? Did Jesus learn intuition and love of all humankind, from the prophets? Is there no inexhaustible fountain from whose flowing rivulets each soul may freely drink? Does the same God not always inspire and nourish? What would ye think of a man who does all his *farming, ploughing, and planting*, by *reading books* on Egyptian and Roman agriculture? The land before his eyes would meanwhile grow *thorns* and unwholesome vegetation. What, then, do ye think of christians who bid their followers to *read* and *believe* King James's version of the testaments to the end that they may be *religious* and acceptable unto God? He who would not "be wise above what is written" (in any book,)—is a miserable pagan, engaged in blindly loving his ideals, and needs philosophic culture. For is there not a law, a science, a principle of justice and equity in man's mental economy, *superior* to all writing? Let every son and daughter of Nature be developed to the *fullness of the structure of the perfect man*—let society develop the kingdom of Justice and Freedom within each soul and family—then you will see a manifestation of TRUE RELIGION.

RELATIONS, EXISTING AND NATURAL, BETWEEN MAN AND PROPERTY.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

CAPITAL now stands in the relation of oppressor and foe to labor. Labor may not move its limbs, but at the beck of capital. Not a *tithe*, but a *moiety* of its productions must be paid as tax for the use of capital. It would cultivate the soil, but capital will not permit it, except on these conditions. A prohibition, ranging from a "dollar and a quarter," to hundreds and even thousands of dollars is placed on the cultivation of each acre of land on the globe. Industry would delve for the metals, which are deposited in every mountain, and make of them articles of use and labor-saving machines; but capital barricades the way. These have become *property*. It would build ships for commerce, and bring up the treasures of the vast deep, but capital has engrossed the means, and will allow nothing to be done in any department, except she be allowed to realize, out of it, her "cent per

cent." It is the greatest folly to think of emancipating labor by more rapid production. This will only decrease the necessity of capital to employ labor at all, and facilitate the accumulation, which is already crushing the sons of toil into the very dust. Any attempt at compromise is equally futile. Capital does not furnish employment, does not in any way award industry, does not facilitate exchange; but places her ban on all, and only allows them scope when full tribute has been awarded to her. And yet it is not seldom we hear the subject treated as though the accumulations of past labor, or rather of past robbery and slavery, was society's main dependence, and without it the most deplorable condition would be experienced by labor. This is a great mistake. If all such ideas of property were abolished at once, should we not still have the soil, productive as ever? Should we not have all the metals and minerals, all the treasures of earth and ocean? Should we not still have the same constructive skill? Industry left free, could soon build itself a temporary residence, and the one half of its products, which it now pays to capital, would, in half a dozen years, reproduce all the essential forms of wealth, which now exist. It would not be found necessary to rebuild the pyramids, nor the penitentiaries, court-houses, kingly or ducal palaces, superceded works of internal improvement, the myriads of sectarian establishments, nor heaven-high walls of partition, in a religious, social or practical sense, to separate man from man, and prevent the poor from contemplating the beauties of nature and the possessions of the wealthy. The navy of the world might be left, till "a more convenient season." The munitions of war, could also be dispensed with, until men got time to fight. A princely palace with squalid huts "to match," might be superceded by a comfortable and airy mansion. The royal stables, (as the active happy life, would be unfavorable to the establishment of hospitals,) might be replaced by cheerful workshops; and after all this was done, materials would still be left. The prince and peasant, now co-laborers, would soon find out what employment was best suited to their talent. The useless and parasitical professions and employments, especially the army, navy, the bar, the pulpit, and different kinds of trade and speculation, would greatly reinforce the ranks of labor and hasten the attainment of a condition, in which work would become attractive, because united with study, devotion, recreation, and amusement.

But suppose on the other hand, that labor should become defunct? The simple result must be that your army and navy, your useless professions must yield up the ghost at once. In a year nine tenths of the race would have died of starvation. The next year the other tenth would become extinct also. Can any one surmise how high "rents" would be in Broadway at the end of that time! Is it known, precisely, how much the wild beasts pay for the privilege of making dens of the palaces of Babylon's ancient kings, or what may be the price for cultivating one of the hanging gardens? or how high the price for house lots at Palmyra? It might be serviceable to inquire, how much cannon and bayonets will be worth in a time of peace? Would the crowns and all the paraphernalia of kingscraft and priestcraft, indeed bring more than they cost of actual labor.

To me it is very plain that this idol, capital, is a very phantom and bugbear, an incubus, which has no moving, life giving power, only the power to oppress and keep from moving the half waking, half unconscious form of labor. Wait till the recumbent man shall once open his eyes, or thoroughly stir himself, and the spell is gone, once and for ever. But mark, what horrid contortions, what strangling of the very breath and life circulation, a specter is able to effect! See, oh blinded brothers, what is the real cause of your oppression! not property, not monarchies, not hierarchies, not priestcraft nor kingscraft, but your own disorganization and disregard of each other's rights and possessions. The foes you would fight are but ghosts of the past, and of your own imagination. It is your supineness that has enslaved you, and you have bound upon each other the chains, which only the hand of brotherhood can unloose. Think not by compromise to effect anything, only manly, loving action will answer now. See ye not how the wealth ye have heaped up in this land and in Europe, is constantly used as an engine of oppression to yourselves and brethren over the

water, struggling for political freedom! Know ye not, that the gold ye think to relieve business with, will be sent to Austria and to Russia, as long as they can extort the interest from oppressed millions, by the cannon and bayonets it will furnish them! Know ye not that it will be employed to facilitate a monopoly of the soil, upon which all depend for subsistence, and the title to which is as perfect in you, in every son of toil, as in the "Lord of the manor," even more perfect if you labor upon it and he does not! It will be employed to monopolize the bread you consume, the knowledge you would acquire; to perpetuate the superstitions and sectarian establishments, which have made you foes to each other, and caused you to wade through seas of blood. It will tax in proportion to its increase every moment's labor, every hour's repose. Every thing that you shall eat, drink, see or hear, will be measured, and in addition to the cost of production, there will be added, an impost as capital's dividend. If you employ a teacher of righteousness to break to you the bread of life, you must pay not only for the service, but for the capital that was used, in procuring his education. If you meet to worship your God, you must pay your contribution to greed in the form of rent or interest. If in the defence of a righteous claim you would employ an advocate to secure justice from the laws, you must not only pay him, but a tax as interest on the capital and time employed in preparing him for his vocation. Thus you find the labor of the past, so far from being an aid, it is the main obstacle to your success, and all attempts at progress with this before you will only increase its potency, as the school-boy's ball of snow grows larger at every turn until it becomes immovable; and blocks up his own pathway.

What then, says the timid reformer, shall be done? Capital and labor have become strangely inverted by position, but you would not advocate a destruction of one or the other? Certainly not. I would say to the boy, tugging and sweating to move the mountain of his own creation, you can never succeed in that way. If the ball will not allow you to proceed, just step out, though it be into deep drift and go round it. The exertions, which here are impotent for good, will soon bring you to a beaten path again. Leave it to the action of the sun and rain, since it will not accompany you. To labor I would say, let capital alone. You can get on without that; that can not go on, can not preserve its existence for a day without you. To capital I would say, accompany labor in the accomplishment of its destiny, that thereby thy existence may be preserved, is will be better for both, but infinitely better for thee. Do not attempt to ride on his shoulders any longer, however, lest the luxuries his hand is compelled to furnish, ultimately intoxicate thee, and in a moment of fancied security, the desperate Sinbad release himself from thy grasp, and with the first weapon he can find, crush thy dominative head, even though there were no use in it.

The only peace then that should be sought, is a return to natural relations, where the labor of to-day is paid as well as the labor of yesterday, and each man may have what is his own by natural possession of actual creation. *Freedom of labor and conservation of wealth*, is the only union at all desirable. This is alike just and beneficial to both. It is as idle to preach coöperation to capital, as it would be to preach peace to the Czar of Russia. Capital knows, if you do not, my brothers, that in isolation, monopoly, engrossment of the passive agent and possession of the human being, lies *all its power* to accumulate, or even to preserve itself in existence.

Republicanism, the assertion and recognition of human rights, must precede any realization of the true social idea. An organization, built up on any other foundation, will be liable to be swept away at any moment, by the mighty tides which shall purify the political and social waters, the revolutions and the bankruptcies, which shall continue "unto the end." But shall the socialist, then, become a politician? No, and yes. Not in any party sense, not by attempts to place one set of men or another, in offices of power; but by a calm and dignified assertion of principles; and what is more, by the arrangement of their own affairs, after the ultimate ideal truth, as far and as fast, as it can possibly be done. One organization, where labor was freed from all tax to wealth, where the capital was strictly preserved,

would do more towards abolishing the unequal laws, under which we live, than any political system. Because the common mind can not decide on the working of principles, as well before as after an experiment has been tried. It is the mystification of the close relation between cause and effect, that gives the demagogue his influence over the masses, who have all power in this country, and indeed in all countries.

The chief obstacle in the way of human progress, is the ignorance of the majority, in regard to natural rights and the operation of the varied schemes of government, finance and trade. He shall hasten most the New Era, who shall devise a plan of transition, which will present to the sensuous perceptions of mankind, a demonstration of the divine ideal. Still we have society, government, trade, and all things as they are; is there any place which may serve our Archimedes' lever as a fulcrum? If there is not we have done little towards remodeling the world, and our lever itself is well nigh useless. If there is, the whole form of society may be changed, without one drop of human blood. Earth's tyrants of the scepter, of the chain, and of the purse, may be left "alone in their glory," or welcomed to the ranks of labor and of Brotherhood.

Philosophy of Nature.

ANIMALCULÆ.

BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

It has been the usual mode of systematic writers on the science of Natural History, to begin with the highest forms, and through these to descend to the lowest; but conceiving that this is an inversion of the great laws of development and progression, and, moreover, that it involves the awkward necessity of going backward I shall prefer to adopt the ascending order of the creation.

Students, or close observers of nature, will often find, in moist places, or on stagnant water, collections of a mucilaginous substance, bearing some resemblance to patches of green velvet. Sometimes they appear floating on the water, at other times attached to bodies contained in it. The substance on which they are based is formed of the remains of dead plants, while the living ones are of a fibrous structure, and continually agitated by an oscillating motion. To this substance collectively, the French Naturalists have given the name of *matiere verte*; and though it is of doubtful nature, yet it is quite evident that it has an organic structure, since it ever manifests, although in the lowest degree, the phenomena of life. These productions have been called by some naturalists *first plants*, by others *first animals*; while others again, have considered them as combining the characters of animal and vegetable life. But to whichever of the two great classes of organized being they may at first belong, they ultimately develop into the habitation of Infusoria.

Here then the first table is spread; and although the heirs of this primeval bounty are so minute that hundreds may be grouped on a point invisible to the naked eye, yet they are not, on that account, to be despised; since we find that they afford the means of nurture, development, and growth, to the class of beings next above them—and these again to others—until by an infinite series of gradations, we arrive at the highest—where nutriment is provided not only for the body of such a being as man—but nurture for the mind; and over all the infinite which surrounds him is spread the "feast of Reason!"

How wonderful—how truly adorable—are the wisdom, power, and love, of the great Author of all, who has established the visible world of Life on an invisible basis, binding a mass of atoms so minute that they are completely beyond the reach of unassisted vision, in perfect obedience to the same great laws which act in the development and preservation of higher forms, and by which he maintains order, beauty and happiness, through the vast universe of Being!

Until the invention of the microscope the existence of animalculæ

was unknown; but by the aid of that wonderful instrument new worlds were unfolded on every hand, until, in the infinity of life, we find that every individual atom may be a peopled city. These minute animals are, indeed, known to be almost universally diffused. They are found in the rivers, the sea, and other bodies of water. They are contained in the blood, the tartar of the teeth, and various other animal and vegetable substances. They inhabit wells; they swarm in vinegar, and they are supposed to float in the air; but heat and putrescence are the circumstances most unfavorable to their production. Their minuteness is extreme. Thousands may be seen in a single drop of water; and yet they are the inheritors of conscious life—they have affections, and propensities, and are the subjects of voluntary action!

Some of these little creatures reproduce themselves by means of germs, like plants; others viviparous, are while the species found in diseased wheat, by M. Bauer, is oviparous. Some species, when they have been left inert for an indefinite length of time, on being infused in liquids, instantly assume all the consciousness and the functions of life.

It was supposed by Lamaeck and others, that the animalculæ have neither head, eyes, muscles, nerves, nor any determinable organ of voluntary motion. But Ehrenberg, a distinguished Prussian naturalist, who made microscopic forms his chief study, found, by immersing them in colored water, that they not only have organs, but that, in many cases, there is a wonderful complexity of organic structure, several species having no less than fifty stomachs. In some there are processes resembling legs; and while many of them are without eyes, not a few have either one, two, three, or four of those very useful organs.

He demonstrated also that these creatures have *volition*, by observing that they move faster or slower, as whim or inclination prompts, and often, too, in a direction against the current. He found that in many cases they have *vision*, by their giving each other room as they passed, by their turning to avoid any obstacle, precisely as more perfect animals do; and by their darting at any little substances the water might contain, with a fixed and certain aim.

Ehrenberg divides the animalculæ into two classes, the first of which he has named *POLYGASTRICA*, or many-stomached. These are, apparently, the first remove from vegetable being. They take their food by absorption, and are propagated by subdivision, or by means of germs. To this class belongs the vinegar eel; and here also, is found the *ENCHELIS PUPA*, to the alimentary canal of which, is attached the community of stomachs.

In a second class, which he has named *ROTATORIA*, we find a higher organization. The mouth is fringed with ray-like bristles, which, by their rotation, produce currents in the water, and by this means their prey is brought in the direction of the mouth, so that animals smaller and weaker than themselves, are seized and devoured with great avidity. The whole class is predatory, and consists of the ciliated polypi of Lamarck.

Many of the genera are protected by an external silicious case, or shell; and this was a particular subject of study, with the indefatigable Ehrenberg. The observations which he made on this type of the Infusoria; led to his grand discovery of their fossilized remains. The mineral called *Polirscheifer*, which, for a long period has been used in the arts for polishing metals, and other substances, has been demonstrated to be composed of these microscopic remains, which form whole strata of considerable depth, thickness, and extent!

If a single drop of water containing an infusion of some putrescent vegetable substance, be submitted to the action of a powerful microscope, it will be found to contain thousands of animated beings. These creatures are among the lowest forms of animal life, and they are called *monades*. They have neither head, mouth, eyes, nor any apparent organ of motion, appearing but an assemblage of living points, in a state of perpetual agitation.

Others again are of more distinct forms; and these, it is ascertained impart the green color to putrid water. They are mostly of an oval shape, and possess wonderful powers of contraction and dilatation, sometimes shrinking to almost nothing, and then swelling to many times

their usual volume. They exhibit, also, a great variety of motions, many of which are, evidently, of a playful character; for they, too, must have their sports and pastimes. They tumble over each other in the most comical manner, then dart hither and thither, with quick, irregular movements; then swim of like fishes, through the depths of their circling drop, which has to them all the expansion of a lake, and is, doubtless, filled with scenery calculated to please and animate them—embowered with vegetable, and peopled with animal forms, infinitely too minute for any lensic power to reach. When the water begins to evaporate, they collect in a body about the central or deepest portion; and when wholly deprived of moisture, they exhibit contortions of evident distress, and soon die. If the smallest possible quantity of sulphuric acid be poured into the water, they throw themselves on their backs, and instantly expire.

A single grain of sand is found to contain a cavity, inhabited by various animalcules. How wonderful! that the dry and shining sand, which we tread so unconsciously beneath our feet, is a mass of cities—of worlds—containing all that is necessary to the life and happiness of myriads of creatures, all fitted to enjoy, according to their several natures, the consciousness of being!

Their varieties of form and character, are truly astonishing. One is merely a long, slender line—another like a number of reticulated seeds; another resembles an eel, or serpent. They are funnel-form, cup-form, and sword-form. Some of them have a long tail; while the posterior part of others expands into a pair of lusty horns. Some are opaque, while others are almost invisible from their extreme transparency. Many of them move with such velocity that the eye can hardly follow them; others are sluggish, moving with apparent difficulty; while others again exhibit the very type of the lymphatic temperament, and remain in perpetual rest. The *VOLVOX GLOBATOR*, which is found in ditches and stagnant water, progresses by revolving on itself like a sphere. One leaps; another swims; another moves by an undulating process, like that of flying. In short, there is hardly any variety of motion but may be found among them.

There is a very remarkable genus of these animals found in stagnant water, which was originally named by Linnæus *VORTICELLA*. One species represents a bell-shaped flower on a spiral foot-stalk, and from its strong likeness to the lilly of the valley, has been named *VORTICELLA CONVALLARIA*. Some have branching, others simple stems; but they are all spiral, and the animal is capable of lengthening or shortening them at will. When at rest it nestles close to the parent stalk, but when seeking prey, it elongates its spiral appendage, and darts out its little blossoms, the mouths of which have a double row of filaments, by whose rotation, like the rest of its tribe, it obtains food.

Another singular animal, which was also found by Ehrenberg in the Red sea, is the *DISCOCEPHALUS ROTATOR*, a polygastric infusory, which seems to exhibit the first outline of the arachnides, or spider family. It has eight locomotive organs, or bristles representing the eight legs of those animals. With these it performs two rotary movements, one by the rotation of the anterior pair, and the other by that of the three posterior pairs. The motion of these filamentous legs, is so rapid that they appear to be many hundreds in number; and by their means prey is secured, as in other rotaries.

Still nearer to the Polypes is another genus representing monopalous flowers, which Ehrenberg, who found it in the Red sea, named *ZOOBOTRION*, or *animal grape*. This singular animal, like the polypus, is a compound being, consisting of a naked branching stem, with its lower extremity, putting forth processes like little roots. The branches terminate in ovate germs, from which issue the animalculæ, like a multitude of bell-shaped flowers, the mouth surrounded by a filamentous coronet, and each seated on a spiral foot-stalk. When the mouth is open, they appear like what botanists call a raceme of bell-shaped flowers, and when closed, they resemble a bunch of grapes.

The question naturally arises, what particular office in the economy of being do all these myriads of animalculæ fulfil? They must have some use—and what can it be? They are probably *depurators*, as they exist in decomposing putrid substances. It is most likely that the waters of the globe contain an infinite diffusion of animal and vege-

table substances, too minute for the food of any but the infusoria, and which, were they not thus removed, would become nuisances.

The animalcules furnish food to the polypes, and doubtless, also, to much higher animals. Those who have kept gold and silver fishes, know that they will live several months on nothing but water, if this be frequently changed. They must then find nutriment in the water; and what can it be if not these? But whatever relations they may bear to other forms, to themselves, doubtless, their being is productive of all the happiness they can either require or enjoy.

Facts and Phenomena.

NOTES OF MY PSYCHAL LIFE.

BY A SEER.

CHAPTER FIRST.

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago, there lived in your city, a woman whose spirit yearned for that sympathy and affection, which can alone make life a blessing, and smooth the pathway to the tomb. Tender, loving, and wonderfully sensitive, she became a dreamer, and ardently longed for that spiritual intercourse, which we, in this day and age, enjoy, and when all earthly sympathy and love were denied, her spirit shrunk within itself, and she was compelled to seek light, and comfort from above—from God and His ministering spirits.

Under these circumstances I was ushered into being—doomed to experience the most galling poverty—to be a lonely wanderer up and down the Earth—to suffer the most excruciating agony of mind—to be the most miserable being in the world; and, paradoxical as it may appear—destined to enjoy pleasures and experience delights, altogether unknown, and far beyond the reach of almost the entire human race. Yes; it is true that I have been from birth a mystic, and have always had the power, now vouchsafed to a few residents of the Earth-sphere, of beholding the beauties of the Spirit-Land, and enjoying communion with the angel hosts.

We lived in a large stone house, which is yet standing in twenty-fifth street. It had the reputation of being nightly visited by the dwellers of the other world. In a word, it was said to be haunted; and so it really was; for on more than one occasion the "sheeted ghost" has been seen to wander uneasily, near the scene of its earthly trials and sufferings, vainly striving to let its wants be known, to those whose organism was sufficiently refined, and adapted to the intercourse. But the witnesses invariably fled in an agony of frantic, superstitious terror from the presence of the spirit visitants.

One day, when about five years old, I returned from school, and found the vestment of my mother, cold and prone. She had left the Earth for a kindlier sphere; and I was a poor little orphan boy; for my father had deserted us years before.

In a deep agony of soul, I asked the bystanding mourners if my mother was dead; and they answered; "Yes poor child! She is dead."

Then I lifted up my voice, and wept aloud; and the bitterness of that first sorrow still is fresh in my remembrance. O how much I suffered! how acutely—how intensely! and I refused to be comforted.

Then the people said; "Do not cry, poor child! she is now on her way to heaven."

And then I looked forth through the window, and the green trees, up into the bright, sunny sky, expecting to see her ascend to the happy place where they told me she had gone. I did not see her; but a gentle voice, sweet and mournful as the tones of the æolian harp, when breathed upon by the midnight wind, softly whispered in my ear; "Lonely one! I am with you still. Peace, poor child! I am not dead, but living."

And I knew that mystic voice; and I trusted its promise. Infant though I was, I had faith to believe that my mother still lived. From this period dates my experience as a natural seer, or spiritual clairvoyant; and this life has been one of singular interest—invested with episodes both of beauty and terror.

A short time after our mother died, four children of us had gone

to bed. We were very happy that night; and as usual with young people when they are in merry mood, our mirth rose in to high glee. But suddenly the clothes were pulled from the bed by an invisible hand. However, we soon replaced them, when in a moment off they went again; and then commenced a clatter, as of tin pans and cannon balls, being thrown, and rolled about.

This continued a short time, when presently I saw a female form, about ten feet from me, apparently leaving the room. She did not touch the floor; but rather glided than walked across the foot of the bed. So distinct was the vision that I remember to this day, the figures in the dress she wore, or rather assumed, in order to be recognized. I saw her as distinctly as I ever saw a tree, or rock, or any other material object. The head, hair, apron, dress, were all clearly defined; and the outline of the form was in high relief, although at the time there was not a ray of either natural or artificial light in the room. No one but myself saw the spirit, though each one felt its presence and power. I was not frightened; for I knew the spirit would not hurt me, because mothers love their children; and that figure was my mother. I have often, in these latter days, seen and conversed with her; and I knew the fact at the time. Since that eventful night my existence has been dual—a life without, and a life within.

In my next I will relate another phase of my experience. I daily hold sweet converse with the Spirits; and I am constantly reminded of our close proximity to the Spirit-land. I have that evidence of the soul's immortality for which the world, during long centuries, has sought in vain. Let us be patient, clouds are dispersing from the face of Nature. There is a "good time coming!" Let us "wait a little longer."

P. B. R.

URICA, May 29, 1853.

PORTRAIT OF GERRITT SMITH, PSYCHOMETRICALLY DELINEATED.

BY MRS. J. R. METTLER.

[The following admirable sketch was read from a piece of writing sealed up in a buff envelop, so that no portion of it came in direct contact with the person of Mrs Mettler; and yet it is one of her best, and may be termed wonderful in its truth and power. Observe how the benevolence for which he is so remarkable tinctures all other feelings, and is diffused through the whole character.]

THIS is a person of a strong intellectual mind. He perceives quickly, and is never at a loss in forming his conclusions; for by his active perceptions, he is able to see, and understand the truth at once. He is eminently capable of forming correct opinions of men, from his intercourse with them. He is one that must be engaged in public matters; and I should judge him to be a public speaker. Every word that falls from his lips, carries his own convictions to the hearts of those who listen to him.

His character is marked upon his face; and no one, I think, could doubt the truthfulness of his heart, after once having looked upon him; for he is a person that would be conspicuous for his benevolence, and kindness of heart and manner. Whatever he says is to the point; and to whatever he considers true he steadfastly adheres. He is a man who does his own thinking, and forms his own conclusions.

He is not guided or governed by what may be considered popular, or that which would gain favor with the community at large; but whatever he believes to be right is to him a law; and he will not swerve from it in the least for the sake of gaining approbation.

He seems to be a person engaged in promoting equality, and brotherly affection in the world. I should judge him to be a philosopher; for he acts the part of one, in every condition of life in which he may be placed. No one can feel want, or suffer in any way, where he is, if he can obtain the means of relieving, or restoring him; for as I proceed with the character, I see still more of that spirit displayed, which has had the effect, in all ages of the world, to quell and subdue the hard and stubborn heart, and which has power to overcome all opposition—and that is THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

He walks conscientiously, and is cautious about entering into any

thing which would lead him astray away from the path marked out by his intuitive perception of right. He is a person of much vivacity, and is also distinguished by a strong will-power. He has large concentration; and there is very little that will move or disturb him, under any circumstances, whatever. He has considerable self-esteem; but his love of approbation rather overbalances it.

He loves money as a means; but he can not use it selfishly. He is very fond of reading; and when he indulges in this exercise, he is always instituting comparisons; and in this way he stamps upon his memory what many persons would forget. He must know the cause of all things, and can not rest content in the external, or merely apparent. He can not be persuaded to act on any representation of fact, unless he comprehends the reason, and recognizes its truth; yet he is not stubborn; but this great desire for truth often prevents him from accepting what others would more readily adopt.

He is exceedingly fond of children; and hence they could naturally be much attracted to him. He has a kind of guardian care over every thing around him; and in him this sentiment is illustrated; "Whatever Goodness has created, it is well for man to love." Whatever he undertakes he enters into with his whole soul; and he does every thing in his power to make an impression by it, on the minds of those who surround him.

He has strong social qualities, and is fond of both sexes. He is good in argument, and will always contend for the right with much earnestness. To find his own tables well supplied would not satisfy him, if he knew there were those around him who had not the means of supporting theirs; and he can seldom sit down to partake of the bounties set before him, without having a thought for those who are denied the privileges which he enjoys. He likes order and neatness, but is not over particular about his own person. He seeks what is comfortable, and respectable, but would put on nothing gaudy, or that would attract attention. He has a good memory of events, and of individuals. Philosophic and scientific reading is pleasing to him; but he is one who sees more in the Book of Nature, than in all the printed volumes yet given to the world. He is one of Nature's truest sons; and through her influence the noblest qualities of mind and heart have been developed. The sphere pleases me.

EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL.

On the 27th of April last, the sum of \$1,700, with a gold watch, chain and ring, was stolen from the house of Samuel B. Parmelee in Wallingford. Application was made to Mary Rich, a Clairvoyant, who resides in Durham. She is 13 years of age. Her father put her into the clairvoyant state in presence of Mr. Parmelee, the loser, and a Dr. Simons. She said, while in the sleep, that an Irish girl, a servant in the family, had stolen the property, but had burnt the money and thrown the watch, chain, and ring into the well, near the house of Mr. P. "The well was searched, the watch, chain and ring found there, and traces of burnt paper were also found in the stove-pipe and chimney-corner. The girl was arrested and confessed that she did steal the property and dispose of it as described.

The trial of this singular and interesting case—the first that ever took place in this State on a development made by a Clairvoyant—took place in New-Haven last week. It attracted unusual attention, the Court-room being filled by spectators for several days, during its progress.

The trial closed on Saturday. Mr. Chapman spoke two hours and a half, bearing sarcastically upon clairvoyance, and with frequent inquiries for "Dr. Simons," who managed the clairvoyant examination. He conducted the defence with great skill, the New-Haven *Courier* declaring that "his whole speech was able, eloquent, and very ingenious." The other counsel acquitted themselves with ability.

After a consultation of fifteen minuees, the jury returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*.

THERE are certain occasions in which Nature, by a sympathetic act unrecognized by men, shows that she condoles with their sorrows.

CALPE.



EDITED BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

THE pages of the JOURNAL OF PROGRESS will be enriched occasionally by contributions from A. J. DAVIS, R. P. AMBLER, W. S. COURTNEY, J. K. INGALLS, and others.

New-York, August, 1853.

PROF FARADAY'S LETTER ON TABLE-MOVING.

[I HAD intended to notice the Professor's Letter which has seemed to afford so much pleasure to the writer himself, and other knowing ones; but this has been so much better done by another, that I gladly step aside, and give place to our valued Correspondent.—Ed.]

I propose, with your permission, to say a word on a certain communication that has afforded great encouragement within the last week to those, who, like the Ephesians when St. Paul appeared among them, are afraid that their "craft is in danger." For this drop of comfort they are indebted to Mr. Faraday, a philosopher of the first rank, and Professor of Chemistry in the London Institution. His fame, so well earned by his industry, his ingenuity, his scientific attainments, and his distinguished position among men of learning, give to his opinions great and deserved influence. Electricity and magnetism he has long made the especial subjects of investigation; and in their phenomena and laws, he is perhaps the highest living authority. For conducting experiments among the mysteries of nature he is admirably qualified both by his habits and his accomplishments. He is a man for whose moral and intellectual character I have long entertained the utmost degree of respect and esteem. But what shall I say touching his latest investigations, the result of which he has just reported in the London Journals? That it was honorable in him to examine the question as one of a philosophical nature, when so many weaker minds had dismissed it with derision, every one must be willing to allow. By this course he has at least preserved his reputation as an experimental philosopher. But, alas, for his results! What are his conclusions worth with men who, like him, are accustomed to rest their belief on well established facts? I say it respectfully, they are worth no more than the astronomical evidence that the sun revolves around the earth because it rises on the eastern horizon and goes down in the west. Says the literal constructionist of Scripture, "Did not the sun stand still on Gibeon, and, therefore, unless it moved across the heavens, how could it be stayed in its course?" To some minds this question would be a poser, and be thought unanswerable. And need we hunt long to find worthy people—not savages—who would look contemptuously on the man that ventured to insult their understanding by alleging that the earth turned on its own axis? "Don't every body know," reply they, "that if

that was true, we should all drop off when we got head downward?"

I take the liberty of saying that Mr. Faraday's proofs of the wholly mechanical movement of tables are about as strong as the foregoing kind of reasoning. His has been a pasteboard and putty pursuit after truth. He had *table turners*, as he calls them, who were able to produce the motions,—"*quasi involuntarily*" he allows—but when he had arranged his traps the old foxes were too wary to be caught in them! The tables stood stock still, and would neither stir for the powers of air nor the powers of earth! But he succeeded in bagging some sort of small game before the danger was fully known. He demonstrated by a shuffle of cards, well greased for the occasion, that the hand which rested on the table, or rather on the cards, showed an inclination to move, though the mahogany remained behind! In another passage of the letter he tells us it is almost impossible for any one to place his hand on a table and give to it an exact perpendicular pressure. He has often tried this and so have I, and we both believe it to be a fact. This simple circumstance in itself furnishes a satisfactory solution of the slip, scarcely appreciable, that occurred to the hand in his experiments. It may fairly be assumed that whatever movement took place at that time and under those peculiar arrangements, was wholly accidental and unavoidable.

But, it is asked, if the table moved before, why did it not move still! It is sometimes much easier to ask a question than to answer it. I have an opinion about this matter, and it quite satisfies me at least. To myself I answer that there is a spiritual intelligence guiding and giving motion, but that it can not succeed, and perhaps oftentimes will not make an attempt to do anything, unless all the essential physical conditions are in a proper state for the operation. To explain a purely physical problem I should not think of offering a spiritual hypothesis. But this question is one, it must not be forgotten, that involves, *in limine*, the action of an unseen intelligent power.

I maintain, therefore, that, unless it is shown that the furniture is mechanically put in motion by the muscular force of the "medium,"—(this word I prefer for it better expresses my own idea)—the phenomenon itself stands *stronger than ever upon a spiritual basis*. Reflect a moment on all the facts. The mediums, conscious that they were the subjects of a severe investigation, *struggled hard to be passive*, until, as Mr. Faraday says, they were weary with the effort. In trying to avoid the exercise of any mechanical power depending on themselves, they became highly positive and incompetent to act as spiritual agents. The very first lesson in mediumship is passiveness. It is the experience of all those who are familiar with spiritual exhibitions, that when the will is strongly excited, a resisting and, consequently, an unfavorable state is immediately induced.

Let us try the mechanical version of table moving, and see where it will lead us. Mr. Faraday has said nothing of the size, or weight, or form of his table, but it may be assumed to be as large and heavy as those in common use. It is apparent without a trial, and it is yet more so after a trial, that to move a piece of furniture like that, an amount of force is demanded so great and continued, that the source of the power of motion would be evident to even the most unpracticed eyes. A compound effort is required—a perpendicular and a horizontal one combined, from which an oblique axis of force results. I undertake to say that not even a brawny juggler with his sleight-of-hand tricks, can exert strength enough to drive an ordinary

table about the room without giving strong signs of it in the altered shape of his hand, the bending of his arm, and, I think I may add, in a more vigorous respiration. If any body doubts this, I beg he will make the trial for himself.

One would have thought Mr. Faraday too old a philosopher and too good a logician to attribute to effects, causes that are not in proportion to them and are necessarily inadequate. Cause and effect must harmonize to be worth any thing in science or in logic. The walls of Jericho fell to the ground upon the braying of rams' horns. Would Mr. Faraday, or would any one else having as much mind as an ostrich, infer that the noise of the horns directly brought about the event? The march around the walls, and the clangor of the instruments evidently were only acts of faith. Jehovah was the great cause of the astonishing catastrophe.

Table moving, as many people have witnessed fit, is by no means the easy affair that one might be led to imagine from reading Mr. Faraday's communication. If his tables were so light that they could be moved freely about the room by the mechanical force incident to laying a hand on them, combined with the *quasi* involuntary horizontal motion that accompanied the act, then, indeed, they were quite different from those that I have usually seen employed for similar purposes. They were no doubt heavy, otherwise his experiments would have had still less value than they have now. Heavy tables *can not* be moved by the *mechanical* power of a hand, without the medium being perfectly conscious that the act was wholly voluntary. For a moment let us suppose that the Professor's explanation is correct. He does not pretend that the mediums had any peculiar *aptitude* for such work. They were no better fitted for it than Mr. Faraday himself was. Any body would be just as well fitted as they. The very best way in such a case, to show the absurdity of pretensions that claim *especial qualities*, and that are assumed to be produced by unseen powers, is to show that every thing claimed is *common to every body*. By establishing the general or universal nature of a fact or thing, the specific or limited nature loses all its consequence. Barnum has a woman with a shaggy beard, who, of course, excites great curiosity and amazement, particularly among the physiologists, but if every woman had or might have a kindred beard, the wonder then would be no wonder at all. I ask, therefore, why Professor Faraday did not show the presumptuous vanity of the "so called" mediums, not by showing that the cause and the whole cause was involuntary mechanical force, but by showing that the mediums were in no wise different from men in general? The fact is, but few persons are mediums who can obtain these supra-mortal results, which, assuredly, are above mortal power, so far as we are at present acquainted with human development.

Who that has ever witnessed table moving on *this* side of the Atlantic, can doubt that extraordinary power is often required? I have myself endeavored with all my strength to fix a table and prevent it from moving, when it was *barely touched* by a young lady; but all my trials were utterly unavailing. I am acquainted with a gentleman, a man of fortune in this city, whose veracity is beyond all suspicion among those to whom he is known. He told me that a young girl, a relative, was accidentally discovered to be a medium, and that on one occasion he took a heavy mahogany table, turned its top to the floor, got into the carriage thus formed, and was drawn all around the room merely on the application of the hand to its upturned foot. Can any body believe that such an effect could be pro-

duced by *such* a mechanical cause, and involuntarily too, on the part of the medium? I could as easily believe that a conjuror can squeeze himself into a pint bottle, because in his bills he promises to show such a feat to the spectators.

There are various other physical demonstrations by which inanimate matter is made to move—indeed, sometimes, without being touched at all, to which the purely mechanical theory can not possibly be applied. Besides cases of that kind, what is to be done with the *knockings*, unless such phenomena have been effectually disposed of by the toe-ological explanation of the ingenious C. C. Burr? By the way, talking of Burr, whom I and nearly every body else had forgotten, is it not remarkable that both his toe and knee solution of the knockings, and his astounding affidavits, that made at one time so much stir, should be among the things that *were*? They afford another proof that the wisest and most profound men may sometimes be mistaken.

The time will come when Burr and Faraday, and Buffalo doctors, and buffoon editors, will repose together quietly on the shelf. Yet I believe I do the London Professor less than justice when I herd him with a class who never investigate, but who assume, nevertheless, to know about every thing that is worth knowing. There is a large body of men, for whom the *Courier and Inquirer*, and *Journal of Commerce*, personified, may stand as the type, that oppose Spiritualism might and main, because there happens to be something in it that is not recorded in *their* philosophy. They are the Caliph Omars of the present day. In his blind zeal for the religion of Mahomet, Omar burned the magnificent library of Alexandria. "If it contains," said he, "only what is in the Koran, it is of no use to preserve it, and if it contains any thing that is not in the Koran it deserves to be destroyed." Yes, these men are the true Omars. So far as *they* know, Spiritualism may be true, but if it contains what is not in their Koran it ought to be suppressed by being sent to Hades.

Faraday's letter can not silence believers in Spiritualism, nor prevent others who now are doubters, from becoming converts; but it ought to silence those pseudo-philosophers that talk much about dislocated electricity, animal electricity, varieties of magnetism, and indeed all the imponderable agents of nature, without knowing any thing of the general laws that regulate the motions of such forces. It may also set more thinking men upon an investigation. If the subject is not beneath the notice of the prince of Electricians, it may possibly deserve something better than to be kicked unceremoniously out of doors. At any rate, whatever may happen, if the "ghosts are kicked out of doors"* or if they maintain their ground and kick the philosophers out, investigation is what is most devoutly wished by all those who *believe upon the evidence of things that are seen*.

L. V. N.

P. S. What I had intended to dispose of in few words when I began to write, has swollen, in spite of my efforts at brevity to something like a long-winded article. But I could not say less, though I might have added much more.

*Vide the remarks of the associate editor of the *Tribune*, in which he felt at liberty to speak thus because Faraday had led the way.

We should be careful how we trespass on the rights of others, even in the prosecution of good works, lest we fall into that more insidious selfishness, which comes to us in the form of a public benefit. Nothing can be absolutely right, which involves the necessity of wrong to others.

**THE CRYSTAL PALACE:
ITS USES AND SIGNIFICANCE.**

THE world is not merely making progress in the great truths that pertain to man's moral nature, and in the mysteries of the soul—it is also advancing in science and in art. No where does this fact present itself, at a single view, more strikingly than at the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. The scene is a world of wonders. The building itself is the greatest wonder of all. As it is viewed from the outside, a vast edifice of iron and glass, you can not help feeling that you are looking on a great architectural achievement. It is as beautiful as a magic palace of a dream. But when you reach the interior, your admiration is lost in unmingled astonishment. Strength, and grace, and harmony, every where meet the eye.

The shape of the building is that of a Greek cross. Two arms traverse each other in the middle, while from the center a wondrous dome of immense size, rises to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. Its diameter is one hundred feet. The length of each diameter of the cross is three hundred and sixty five feet, and the width of the arms is one hundred and forty nine feet, five inches. It will be understood that the general form of the edifice is cruciform; but a view of the ground plan shows it to be eight sided. This result is obtained by filling the triangular spaces with an addition that rises only to the height of the first story, so that the cross-shape is conspicuous to the outside beholder. This management of the ground has greatly increased the room for the exhibition. Some idea may be formed of the great extent of the building from the ground it occupies, which is almost six acres.

At each angle of the structure is a tower of octagonal shape, eight feet in diameter, and seventy six feet in height. There contain winding stair ways, which lead to the galleries and roofs.

The inside decorations have much improved the general effect, and the whole effect may be considered a model of taste and art. The prevailing color is a light buff, which is given to all the cast-iron work. This is relieved by red, blue, and yellow, of various shades. The decorations of the dome are particularly effective.

The building is supplied with gas and water in every part. The quantity of iron employed in the construction, amounts to 1,800 tons, of which 300 tons are wrought, and 1,500 are cast-iron. The quantity of glass is 15,000 panes, or 55,000 square feet. The quantity of wood used amounts to 750,000 feet, board measure. The area of the edifice in square feet is, on the first floor, 157,195, on the second floor, 92, 496, making a total of 249,691, feet, or 5 3-4 acres.

Hereafter when the arrangements of the exhibition are completed, we propose to say something of the articles that are placed there for show.

But again we turn to the Palace.

Standing in the midst of this wonderful structure, so light and delicate in outline, and so ethereal in its whole effect that it almost seems suspended in the air, a new visitor will forget for a while that the industrial power and genius of the world have there met, and gathered together all that is richest and rarest in nature, all that is most ingenious and wonderful in art, the results of profoundest mechanical science, and whatever is most excellent in use. But this presiding thought can not be long astray; and we are called back to the one great

sentiment of the place, the elevating and fraternizing influence it is producing on the masses of men.

It is not the merely outside fact, however pleasing it may be, that here the Cutlery and rich Silver wares of England, the Silks and Porcelain of France, the Mosaics of Italy, or the Shawls of Cashmere, are presented to view; but through these we see the artisans of distant climes exchanging cards of social neighborhood, and brotherly courtesy with each other. Comparison will challenge emulation; emulation will reach up after higher excellence. And we, too, shall catch the lesson of the times. We shall learn more of all that softens, refines, and redeems wealth from the grossness of barbaric splendor, by cultivating more liberally the finer arts, and aspiring after that perfection which is not merely destined to pamper an idle vanity; but by calling forth higher types and forms of beauty, to create a finer civilization.

Nor is it valuable only for bringing the workers into these friendly relations with each other as individuals; but the great fraternity of Nations will be vitalized and strengthened; and feudal and warlike tribes and peoples, will see how far above all martial renown and power, do the arts of peace adorn and exalt a nation; and they will lay down their weapons, and seek to learn them, that they may not be left behind, in the old, barbaric darkness.

In one form or other, through material or manufacture, the interests of the world are here truly represented; and does not this general grouping and concentration of friendly and peaceful relations, foreshadow that happy day, when the "Nations shall not learn war any more;" but Peace shall reign over all the Earth?"

Let Dr. Lord, or any one who denies that mankind have made any important spiritual progress, compare this scene at the Crystal Palace, with a Tournament of not very ancient times; and I think he will perceive an appreciable difference. Or, if he wants to comprehend the direct antithesis, let him take a look at Cole's two great pictures of the Past and Present. The first is a Tournament. Knights, Ladies, and Nobles, occupy the entire fore-ground, while the masses are cast into a deep black shadow. The second is a wide champaign country, with the sunshine streaming broad over it; and the people are represented at work in their shops, and at their various callings, with free, happy, and intelligent faces. This change has certainly been wrought in the world; and *this* is progress.

Here are none of the accidental and superficial distinctions made by the circumstances of birth and feudal inheritance; but all the heraldic bearings are intrinsic; for they are wrought out of the individual power of the soul, originating, and terminating in the worker. The glory is not reflected, but inherently luminous. Warriors, Nobles, Chiefs—they who could wield, or command, the greatest amount of physical force—were the leaders of the old scene; Artists, Artizans, Workers in some form or other, are the heroes of the present. This is the great jubilee of Labor; and through this, and kindred influences, all the Sons of Labor on the Earth, shall go out free.

A woman without poetry is like a landscape without sunshine. We see every object as distinctly as when the sunshine is upon it; but the beauty of the whole is wanting—the atmospheric tints, the harmony of earth and sky, we look for in vain; we feel that though the actual substance of hill and dale, of wood and water, are the same, the spirituality of the scene is gone.

MRS. ELLIS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT: Sketches of the Life and Character of Mr. Samuel Budget. By William Arthur M. D., and **THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH**, or Piety, and usefulness exemplified, in a memoir of the Life of Samuel Hick. By James Everett. New-York; Carlton and Philips.

These books serve to represent the sentiments of the Wesleyan Methodists, and they must be very interesting and valuable to those who prefer that kind and class of reading; and aside from their religious prepossessions, they represent, in an agreeable and familiar style, worthy examples of integrity and piety.

We are also indebted to the same publishers for a Life of Wesley, by Richard Watson, and the great work of John Bunyan, each with a fine picture of the subject, and author. The Life of Wesley is one of great interest, beauty and power; and the present author appears to have done justice to the subject.

But here is another edition of Pilgrim's Progress; and I can not pass the old favorite by, without a word of welcome. Who can tell how rich a legacy the simple-minded, pure-hearted John Bunyan left to the generation that was to follow him? What has given such astonishing popularity to a book that came from a dark prison, and made its modest bow before the world, not under the parentage of titled grandees, but under the protection of one who in turn was a tinker, a parliament-soldier, and a non-conforming anabaptist preacher? There is neither in the subject of the book, nor in its diction any thing to give it success; and yet no work in the English language has been more read, admired and praised. That pompous critic, deep-read scholar, and learned lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, declared it was the "only book in English, except the Bible, that was not too long." Its charm seems to be in its unaffected simplicity, and the extreme grace with which the story moves forward. You feel while reading, that his characters are breathing before you. They are endowed with life. Nobody could guess how much he will sympathize with and suffer for poor Christian, until he makes the journey with him, over his uneven and stony road.

ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS; NEW-YORK EXHIBITION. G. P. Putnam; Crystal Palace, and No. 10 Park Place.

Nos. 1, and 2, of this work have been received. It is a quarto pamphlet containing numerous, and extremely well-executed wood cuts, illustrative of the collected wonders of Art, which are now first unveiled to the American public. Visitors will find this as well as the Catalogue of the Exhibition, also published by Putnam, of great use, not only in their rounds of observation, but to take home, as remembrancers of what they have seen.

REPLY TO THE DISCOURSE OF REV. S. W. LYND, D. D. Pres't of Western Baptist Theological Institute, Covington, Kentucky, on Spiritual Manifestations.

This is a very clever pamphlet of about forty pages by P. E. Bland. The author gives evidence not only of a discriminating but of a philosophic power; and he has shown himself capable of a scanning observation and searching analysis, while his thoughts are expressed in clear and even forcible terms. I have no space for extracts, but only to say this, that the work will, and must make its mark, wherever it goes.

THE Review of Mr. Davis's new book was crowded out of this number—and also the article from our friend Courtney.

PUTNAM'S LITERARY POLICY.

IN his closing number of the first volume, Putnam says that a very large portion of the writers employed by him are those who were either unknown, or had not attained any very brilliant reputation; and yet his work certainly stands in the fore rank of our literary periodicals, and may safely challenge comparison with those of England; while the vapid and flimsy works which have been, but will not be long, the most popular, have been reared on a basis of popularity in the contributors—a mere sound of names to which no untrumpeted excellence—no perfection of power, or genius—no work, however admirable, could be successfully opposed. The Leaders in this field, manufacture tinsel crowns for the ambitious, and are continually puffing forth reputations, as children make soap-bubbles. In return they receive from their contributors a *fair equivalent*; and between the two parties there is no fault to be found; but meanwhile Society is defrauded of its just rights, unticketed Genius is disowned and shut out from representation, and Literature is degraded. Success and honor, then, to the man who first dared to establish an independent policy in the midst of our maudlin story-jobbers, and to make merit, alone, the ground of acceptance. And the success of the experiment shows, beyond all contradiction, that there is radical power enough among us to create and sustain a national Literature, if it can only be called out. It shows more; for it demonstrates the fact, that this vaporous popularity, that has swelled out so imposingly, looking so substantial, as if it had complete possession of the literary world, must soon be dispersed, now that the sun is up. People begin to want something more substantial than mere painted air; and they will not much longer give their money for vapor, however gorgeously it may be colored.

YANKEE INGENUITY.

A very ingenious labor-saving machine for PICKING COTTON has lately been invented by a mechanic of Worcester, Mass. The internal organism of the machine is moved by a clock-spring. Externally it is in the form of an acute-angled triangle, with two equal sides nearly four feet long, while the other is about one foot. Over the acute angle passes an endless chain, which at that point will grasp any light substance, like cotton, convey it to the other end of the machine, and drop it into a bag. The whole is hung by a strap over the shoulder, and will do the work of ten men in the field. Will not this, at least so far as it goes, effectually dismiss the necessity of slave labor? Let us work on in good faith and we shall have machinery better than chained human limbs—better than the degraded human mind, and crushed will, that now labor amid the deadly miasma of the rice and sugar swamps.

THE NEW-YORK REFORMER.

THE initial number of a mammoth weekly paper, having, as its title indicates, a progressive character, has just been issued in this City, at No. 100 Nassau street. The well-known powers of its Editor, Isaac C. Pray, give sufficient pledge of its able management; and if this well-printed and beautiful sheet may be taken as a specimen, it will be as large in heart, and capacity of soul, as it is in form—that is to say a TRUE GIANT. Terms, one dollar a year to mail subscribers; one dollar and fifty cents delivered by carriers, and three cents for single copies.

Useful and Polite Literature.

SPIRIT GUESTS.

BY FANNY GREEN.

THE friend to whom this was addressed lost successively five beautiful children, each one at the time of removal being an only child, and last of all her chosen, and true companion; but her spiritual faith was so sublimated, and her mind followed so truly in the track of the departed, that through all these trying scenes, even by her nearest friends, she was seldom seen to weep.

The starry folds of evening
Float around the silver moon,
And her rays illumine the greenness
Of the "leafy month of June."
The waters hush their voices,
As if they heard a tone
Of spiritual music
In the gentle zephyr's moan.

The feathery stems bend softly
Of the tender willow trees,
And the palmy ferns are sighing
'Neath the moist lip of the breeze.
The forest-trees stand stately
Along the sloping hill,
And the huge rocks lend their echoes
To the mournful whippoorwill.

The strong oaks bend their branches,
As if they felt the power,
And bowed their heads in reverence,
To the Spirit of the Hour.
The meadow-grass aways lightly,
And from each rustling spire
Comes forth a pleasant murmur,
As from a fairy lyre.

But darker grow the shadows;
And, to the spirit's eye,
A radiant band of angels
Is gently drawing nigh;
And all their lucid drapery,
So softly, purely bright,
Is shaded of the mist-wreaths,
And woven of the light.

Behold, a mourning mother,
And a late bereaved wife,
In her spirit-thirst is drinking
At the fount of inner life;
All the beautiful are gathering;
Her lost ones are restored;
And the precious balm of Gilead
O'er her wounded heart is poured.

Uncrushed, though sorely stricken,
Beneath the tempest's sway
She bent like the meek ozier,
Till the storm had passed away;
For an inner strength sustained her,
As they went forth, one by one,
Until the last was summoned—
And the work of Death was done.

But now her soul is opened,
And her selfish sorrows cease,
While from their germs are springing
The olive buds of peace.
For all her bitter anguish
With beaming joy is rife,
When from the ghostly ceremonies
Look forth the eyes of Life,

Beneath you stirring aspen
Where her bending form reclines,
It is not star, or moon-beam,
Whose light around her shines;
But a soft unvailing glory
To her sense is now revealed;
And the clear eyes of the spirit
By the spirit are unsealed.

Around her quiet bosom
Celestial bonds are twining,
And through the evening shadows
Refulgent forms are shining!
They have made their radiant pathway
'Neath the arches of the sky;
And the perfect light of Heaven
Illumes each starry eye.

Their arms are furling round her,
All their voices murmuring low,
And sweet flowers of hope are springing
From the barren heart of wo.
All their robes are touched with glory
As if penciled from the hues,
That are glowing in the sunset,
And are imaged in the dew.

While their soft and humid kisses
To her conscious lips they press,
Like a spiral sunbeam floating,
Clustereth every golden tress;
And as fair as damask roses,
Blooming in Elysian bowers,
Every cheek is touched with life-hues,
Like the *spirit* of the flowers.

And each lineament familiar,
In full perfection wrought,
Awakens some dear image
Of sweet, responsive thought.
Now the cherished name of "mother"
Her answering spirit hears,
And Love's own peerless rainbow
Is painted on her tears.

In the starry night's fair stillness
When our thought is most intense,
And the dim and darkling shadows
Hide the grosser forms of sense,
And the Spirit's pure philosophy
A charm around us flings,
How sweet to watch the stooping
Of those ethereal wings,

That cleave with their soft plumage
The clear, untroubled air,
And learn the happy tidings
Which our loved and lost ones bear.
The spirit then grows purer,
And the bonds from it are riven;
And we lose Earth's jarring discord
In the harmony of Heaven.

TWELVE STORIES OF ONE LIFE.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN;

NUMBER ONE.

THE STOLEN CHILD.

Not as a hero—not as one gifted with any rare and peculiar gift; but only as a member of the great common fraternity—as **A MAN**—and in behalf of humanity do I come before you. Amid all its reverses my life is still a representative of the common lot, which is best exemplified by the laborer, who gathers in the fruits which another consumes. Such is the condition of the civilized world. The balances are no where even. No where are the common blessings of life rightly adjusted. They who sow, and they who reap the fruits, are not the same. The harvest is not in the barns of the worker; and too often we see that he who is wedded to the Earth by his toil has not a single spot to rest his body in life, or shelter it in death. The hand of the Spoiler reaches far. Its aim is sure. Its grasp is strong. It takes what it will for itself. It leaves only what it must for another. There is an everlasting hostility between Wealth and Poverty, between Knowledge and Ignorance, between Strength and Weakness; and the advantage is, apparently, all on one side. It is more. It is utterly subverted, and lost; for the hand that is stretched out to inflict wrongs on another, can reach no blessing for itself; and the weapon that is

aimed at a brother's happiness rebounds, and, with a suicidal thrust, stabs at its own peace.

When the exterior senses grow dim with age the powers of the soul are quickened. I stand on the plane of Causes; and I feel, with the absolute certainty of a prophetic intuition, that the whole constitution of things is changing. There is a sense of justice in the oppressor, a sense of worthiness in the oppressed, both of which have been an outgrowth of this age. It is a consciousness of the presence, and power of manhood, which softens the hard eye, and elevates the servile brow. Even now, while I look, the veil of the future is rent away, and I behold the hovering form of the descending Good. It is dove-eyed, but eagle-winged, a union of gentleness and power. Rejoice all ye people of the Earth; for not to one class, or clan, doth the blessing come, but to all men; for all are bound up in the common suffering—the common wrong—and only through the good of all, can any be redeemed. Then let no one say to his brother: "Thou art the man;" but let every one strive to make himself, and all about him, more worthy to be blest, more capable of entering into the universal happiness, which is the natural inheritance of men, and is now about to be restored.

I am an old man. The snows of fourscore winters have settled on my head, and the shadows of weary years have gathered over the failing vision. But the eye of the soul is clear and strong. It turns backward. The scenes of long ago are reopened to its gaze; and the life of the Past rises fresh from the fountain of remembrance, as if it wore the plumes of yesterday. Behold, the wand of the restoring spirit has touched me. I stand in my mother's cabin, and beside my mother's knee, a happy child of only seven years.

There are some persons whose lives appear to be a constant struggle and warfare against Fate herself—and who seem to have been born to an inheritance of disappointment and wrong; and yet, when the life is apparently almost exhausted, and the oil in the lamp is running low, there will sometimes be a sudden reaction, and apparently all the losses of the Past are crowded together, to swell the good fortune of the Present. If ever these two facts were true in any life, they are pre-eminently so in that which is now, under twelve different aspects—twelve of the most wonderful vicissitudes—to be laid before you.

Let us now avoid all appearance of egotism by speaking of myself, as if I were another; and so we return to the boy of seven years, standing beside his mother's knee. His name was Uman, and though he appears in the swart complexion of the East, yet he is a native American, and of pure Anglo-Saxon parentage. He and his mother were now in a kind of structure, half bower, half cottage, that stood in a niche of one of the high range of hills that branch off from Lebanon, and nearly embrace the noble and ancient city of Damascus.

The woman had risen from her loom, where she had been weaving the fine linen fabric peculiar to that city, and went to attend the cooking of some sweetmeats, which also are a very important article of inland commerce. But instead of going back to her loom, she had seated herself on a low divan, and, as we have seen, drawn the boy to her knee. He had laid aside the little loom he was making, on a principle of his own suggestion, and stood leaning on both his arms, which were folded together and laid across her lap. By her expression he knew she was going to speak of his father—the other husband, whose image he had often seen reflected in her tears; for by the saddening influence of her quiet and unobtrusive sorrow, he had grown prematurely old and thoughtful.

He asked her then of what seemed just hovering on her lips; and now he listens intently, for she is telling him of her cottage home, away in a far country, on the banks of a beautiful stream. There his parents lived, as his mother's parents had done before them; and there he was born. He never wearied of a description of this scene. There was a porch at the front; and a heavy grape-vine ran over it. A large elm that overshadowed the roof, and the green sward below, stood before the door; and beside the old brown gate there were two large trees, one of maple, and one of ash.

When the boy was only a year old, his father was called away over the great sea. His mother would not suffer him to go alone; and she took her babe, and went with him.

Was it the same sea he asked, which came almost to the door of their pleasant home in Sidon.

"No;" she answered, it was a larger sea, that stretches a great way off; and beyond it is the land his mother loves, and the country where she was born.

Then he is seized with a great desire to see the country, which he has been led to think is so excellent in all things; and he asks many questions concerning it; but she gently withdraws him from that purpose, for her heart is getting fuller than she can well bear; and she must tell something of her sad story, through it be only to a child of seven years.

"Listen, my son," she said, passing her hand over her eyes, while a few bitter drops were sprinkled on the boy's cheek. "Be quiet, my child, and I will tell you of your father. You must try to be a man, and not cry; for if the Emir should find tears on our cheeks, he would be very angry, my son—and—"

"Beat me"—he added, quietly; though the thought fell into his little heart like a drop of fire.

"Yes, yes; but let me go on. There was a storm, and the ship was driven where it was not intended for it to go. The sailors tried very hard to save it; but at last it was dashed on a great rock, and broken, so it could not go on the top of the water, as it had done, but sunk to the bottom.

"And was you, and my father, in it?" he interrupted eagerly.

"No, my child; your father and myself with you, and some other persons, were carried on board a ship, and taken to the land. The ship belonged to bad men. They were called pirates. They lived in Algiers, a country far to the west over the great sea that lies before Sidon. And—"

"What became of my father?" he asked interrupting her again.

"He did not live one day after we were taken on board.

She stopped, and choked, and struggled with herself: and then went on again. "But we will not talk of that, my child. There was one there who took us home, and gave us bread, and clothes, and shelter—And we have tried to love him; but O! this is not the home—he is not the husband and father.

"And who was he?" asked the boy, starting suddenly to his feet; for he had been crouching on the ground, and with his small hands clasped over his mother's knees, he was looking up in her face, that no shade of expression might be lost.

"Who was he?", again demanded the boy, with an interrogating gesture pointing to the Emir's spear that hung against the wall.

Still she answered not; but with a few hysteric sobs she struggled to regain her composure. It was in vain. She could not press the flood back; and at length the tears found way. It was a perfect avalanche. The child though extremely terrified, instinctively crept to her arms; and she almost crushed him in her embrace; and then he rocked, and swayed to and fro, with the convulsions of her heaving breast. That part of the scene we must pass over. It is too bitter to dwell on, even now.

The tears relieved her; and then she took the child on her knee, and whispered in his ear words of love which have been kept, forever living, in his heart, and bound on his whole life, as an amulet of perpetual remembrance.

The peach and apple trees about our door were over-shadowed by a lofty plane tree—and just beyond, a little to the west, was an open space. Across this opening, directly between us and the declining sun, passed the figure of a tall man in the common war dress of the country. Even the long shadow it cast upon the grass had a grim and evil look, as the form glided away into the shrubbery, and disappeared. The mother did not appear to notice it; but to the boy it was a bad omen; and he shuddered when he told her what he had seen.

She soothed him gently; and when the sun went down, and the shadows deepened, still they sat there, the mother and the child; for she was prompted to speak to him words that could never die. When she grew earnest in her speech, there was a deep red spot on either cheek; and her eyes grew so bright that he could not bear to look into them. She was relating to him stories of the good Prophet of

his father's people, the Savior of the world—how he had suffered persecution and wrong in every form—how he was crowned with thorns, and led forth to bear the bitter anguish of the cross—and how, with his last breath, he had prayed for his murderers; and the boy drank her words into his soul, as the traveller drinks of the desert fountain; and through long, long years of a weary life, they have nourished the oasis in his heart, where yet dwells the sweet image of his mother, and shines the loving smile of the good Prophet of Nazareth.

But when the sun drew low, and the long shadows fell over the earth, the eyelids of the boy were heavy with sleep. Then his mother roused him gently, and led him into the sweet evening air, while she milked the gentle Angora goats, which, with their spiral horns, white fleeces, and long soft, yellowish ears, were gathered around the door. Then she quickly spread the board with corn-bread, and the rich milk, and fruits, and a portion of the sweetmeats she had been preparing; and the two sat down together. How wonderfully distinct are all these remembrances.

Then she undressed him, and laid him in his little bed; and blessed him. From where he lay he could see the city of Damascus on one hand, and the "Plain of roses" on the other. The beautiful Damascus, or damask rose, was then in full bloom; and the whole air was laden with its perfume. As they listened they could hear the murmur of bees, still lingering over the roses, mingled with the distant hum of the city, and the gurgling streams, that flowed through its terraced streets. Never was any spot more beautiful! Worthy art thou of thy name, O, Damascus, the sacred Gate of the Kaaba! the matchless "Eye of the East!" Even now the heart of the old man clings to thee, with affection that is forever associated with his angel mother, who found a grave in thy bosom; for she has long slept her quiet sleep within the circling shadows of Lebanon.

When sleep again came over the boy, she clasped his hand yet more softly; and kneeling by him she breathed the prayer of the good Prophet; and in the sweet music of her native tongue it was a hymn of love and peace.

His eyes closed before the prayer; and when he opened them again she had paused to look back; for she had come, before she went to her own bed, to kneel down once more, and kiss him in his sleep. There was something strange in her manner, as he looked up, and saw her standing there looking at him. It was but a moment; and yet the memory of that form is cut into the heart so deeply, it could never be obliterated; and even now it is fresher than the picture of an hour ago. He fell asleep while she stood looking at him—and—it is hard to write it, even after a long life of suffering—HE NEVER SAW HER AGAIN.

With his next consciousness he was torn rudely from his bed; and something was thrust into his mouth, which stopped his cries, and almost his breath. He thought at first that it was one of those ugly dreams that sometimes beset him, when he had been thinking or speaking much of his father; and he tried to wake! But he found it was too true. He was nearly suffocated; and soon lost all consciousness of terror, and probably fainted away.

When he came to himself it was daylight, and he was in the arms of a strange man, on horseback, riding rapidly, through a deep chasm between the mountains. It was a frightful place, and with its first consciousness, his little heart struggled and fluttered like a dying bird; and then it fell down into his breast like a stone. He shivered, and shuddered, becoming cold. He tried to look around; but his head was dizzy; and it grew dark again. He dared not cry, babe though he was; and thus he remained awhile; and then he stole a sidelong look up into the face that lowered so darkly above him. It was so ferocious and wicked-looking, that he dropped his eyes again; and by keeping them closed to shut out the bad looks, he fell asleep at length, and forgot his sufferings.

But O, no words could picture the anguish of that poor child! It seems to me now, even at this remote distance, an infinitude of utter, unmixed, inconceivable misery! And so they went on for many days; and when they had passed through a gorge of the mountains, they came to the sea-side, and embarked on board ship the boy remember-

bered nothing more until a little while before he was brought on shore.

It was a small town where they landed; and there the child was put under the care of a company of Arab Moors, or rather a travelling village; for they had all their worldly possessions with them. The first thing that won the child in the least degree from his terrors and sufferings, was the sight of their novel equipments. There were four Dromedaries, and twelve horses in the company. Each dromedary bore two or three women; and in a kind of large baskets, or panniers, made to hang over the animals, they put the children, kids, lambs, geese, and ducks, while poles properly adjusted, and projecting in various ways, served as a resting place for other poultry, and especially the barn-door fowls, who also found perches for themselves on various parts of the "desert-ship."

Uman had for his companions a kid, a lamb, and a surly old gander, which at first was a great terror to him; but he soon got accustomed to his hissing, and lost all fear, when he found that the vaporator, like most others of his class, never bit. His protectress was an old woman, mother to the sheikh, his master. She was very kind, with all her rudeness; and when they rested by the way-side, and halted for the night, she would take the poor little emaciated child in her arms, and nurse him so kindly, that already he began to love her, and feel some degree of happiness and security in her presence. Had it not been for this, he could not have borne the journey, in his weak and exhausted state.

There were objects by the wayside which for a while attracted him by their novelty; but they soon lost their charm and rather wearied, than excited him. His poor little frame was knocked and buffeted about, with the hard motion of the beast, until it was bruised, and sore in every part. And so they rode for several hundred miles, day after day, every one of which was so long, so weary, that it seemed as if the sun hung still in mid air, and would never go down.

But at last they came to their journey's end. The Arabs stopped, and pitched their douar, as the movable encampment which they inhabit is called. This is composed of three concentric circles of tents, in the interior enclosure of which the cattle are secured for the night. These tents are formed of a cloth made of camel's hair, and fibers of the palm tree. They are broad and low, like the hull of a ship, and being painted black have a doleful aspect.

But a new misfortune awaited Uman. The good old woman died; and then his sorrow returned with double force. It is a common thing to speak of the lightness of children's troubles, and their incapacity of feeling deep sorrow. But this is a mistake. The sense of weakness in a child, is, in itself, when connected with a hostile power one of the most terrible sensations. The force of contrast, itself, is agonizing. If one can, and dares struggle, even though there is no direct good comes from it—there is in the very effort some palliation to suffering. But Uman, as he sat under the shadow of the plane trees, day by day, thinking of his forlorn state until he was overwhelmed with a consciousness of power, to which he could offer no resistance, suffered only as the child and the weak can suffer. He thought not—he knew not that he was a slave—sold—and bought with money; he thought not of his murdered father—nor of the tall Emir who had never before been very unkind to him, though he had sold him to the cruel stranger; nor of the frowning robber-chief who was his master. He only thought, and dreamed of his mother—day and night—night and day. Again, and for a long time, the sun seemed to stand still, the days were so long—so weary. He would look at the black tents, then out upon the desert, or up into the sky and then into the hard, cruel eyes that seemed ever bent upon him; and every thing appeared too dark, and vast, and strong, for even a question; and then he would look down on his own little, pale, emaciated hands, and feel only that his enemies were strong, and he was weak. And this complete surrender to an external force is one of the most unnatural conditions to which a conscious intelligence can be subjected for in the complete overthrow of the will-power hope is dethroned; the Present is dark; and the Future looms up over the black horizon; with an aspect of vague and blank terror. Such is the mental suffering of childhood, and of weak-

ness generally. It is a paralysis of anguish, which retains all its consciousness, but loses all its power. It is an infinite Weakness brought into the presence of an infinite and hostile Strength; but the one can not be annihilated, nor the other set aside.

But suffering like this happily can not be long borne; for it would soon exhaust the strongest life. Uman had suffered more, perhaps, for his mother, than for himself. He knew how she loved him; and he had a very tolerable idea of the frantic state she would be in at his loss; for the stimuli of suffering and self-reliance, had given a premature and rapid development to his powers; and he seemed to have, withal, an instinctive sense of her position, and consequent sufferings.

But one day, as the broad disk of the setting sun, seemed to dip, into the glittering white sand of the far-off desert, that stretched away, with a gleaming curve, along the western horizon, he suddenly became impressed with the presence of his mother. There was no form—no appearance to the outward senses; but still she seemed to come near, and sit opposite to him, on the ground. He sought to approach her, that he might lay his head on her breast, and weep out his sorrows. But by an irresistible will-power she seemed to restrain him.

Then he listened quietly; for she was speaking to him—not audibly but spiritually. She told him that she would never suffer any more; than when every thing grew dark in the world, angels came, and took her away to that sweet Heaven of which she had often told him, although she did not know then, how happy and bright it was. She said that he must be a good boy, and remember all she had told him on the evening when they had last spoken together; for God, and the angels, wanted him to live, to be a good man, and do good in the world. She said that she was not far away, and she would often come to him, and comfort him.

Then she seemed to melt away; and the last that faded was the sweet smile, that lingered with him like a benediction. And while yet he looked, there was nothing between him and the acacia shrub, against which she had appeared to lean.

Then he arose, and went into the tent, a Slave-child; but there was a light shining in his soul, that was never to be quenched.

LESSONS OF THE FLOWERS.

BY AMY A. BISHOP.

THERE is no hill-top, however bleak and cold, where the blue bells will not wave, and no dell, however dark and lonely, where the beech-drop may not push its pearly stem through the damp leaves, grateful for the cool shade. Every Flower hath its mission, and seems to bear a message from a brighter, better land, though we heed it not. By the road side, around the church doors, and in the church yards, grow buttercups and daisies beautifying the waste places, and gladdening the hearts of the children of Earth.

With a proud step, over the cold door-stone, passes the minister of God. He sees the flowers; but he does not see their deep meaning, the lesson they are ever telling with their upturned eyes.

Next comes the wealthy citizen, and what to him are the flowers? for they wither. He can not hoard them up like gold—gold—pure, beaten gold!

Hand in hand come two little children. Poverty is stamped in every feature, in the downcast look, the fearful, hesitating step, and the tattered, scanty clothing. They pause a moment ere they enter the sacred edifice; and pointing to the flowers, whisper; "remember."

Then comes a pale woman. Her face is haggard, and there is a fierce light in her wild, dark eye. As with hurried, eager steps she passes in, there comes a sigh from the tall grass, and flowers; for they are more merciful than man.

And next comes a poor student. Absorbed in his own thoughts, he walks as one in a dream, muttering to himself "One more trial and I may succeed, I will learn of him."

The minister's deep voice is heard. Calm and measured are his sentences, and with the warmth and light of love and charity, his words

might be sent forth, gems of undying good; but cold, chilling, and haughty them seem, as we gaze up into his unmoved face.

The poor student leans toward him with upturned eyes, and clasped hands. He can see a beauty in it all; but it is chilling his very heart, drying up the fount of every tender feeling, and no more shall the recording angel write him down "as one who loves his fellow men;" but through his long life shall he wander over the earth, a heartless misanthrope, alone among the crowd, for the want of that faith which might have been strengthened but was so untimely crushed.

Lured by that voice, the rich man sleeps, and the pale woman cowers down among the crimson cushions. There is no hope for the erring one, no pardon; and as his voice falls like ice upon her heart, and fire upon her brain, she knows she cannot go back, but forever down—lower she must fall, until she sinks into a dishonored grave, and her spirit rises to its home—a home where there is charity and love; but *she knows it not*.

The little children gaze about them wonderingly, and wish their crippled baby-brother could lie on those cushion, so soft and easy for his aching limbs.

The sermon is ended; and again the minister of God walks down the aisle, and over the stone door step; and on his right is the rich man. The poor student follows with a calm face; and ever after he will be calm. The pale woman pauses for a moment by the flowers; and pressing the daisies to her lips, murmurs;

"O! Daisy, beautiful Daisy! thou art from my native hills. Once I was innocent as thou, bright Flower! when I wandered over the hill-side, or lay on the soft grass, looking up at the blue sky. You can not fly, sweet Daisy; but the birds among the branches of yonder tree shall go to my home among the hills, and tell my mother that I never look on the blue sky now. Go back to earth, fair Daisy; for I can not take thee on—on—God pity me! God pity me! why did I not die among the hills!"

Then the little children come; and after weaving the daisies in a wreath, they hurry onward with their treasure. When they reach their home, they pause at the door, and step more softly; for there in his low cradle, lies their baby-brother, asleep. Asleep, his thin hands folded on his breast; his pale face paler, and a darker shadow around his sunken eyes. So still he lies, not even the light drapery on his bosom is stirred; for he is dead. Death has come gently to the suffering child, and the spirit has departed, leaving the little form calm and composed as in life.

Softly they lay the starry wreath around his white face; and, Daisy, thy mission is ended; but long in that mother's memory wilt thou live, fresh and lovely as when she saw thee resting on the pillow of her dead child.

Thus it is throughout the world. Beautiful temples are reared, and gifted men teach in them, yet the lowly flowers by the church doors tell more of the "Father in Heaven" than all these.

ATHEISM.

I HAD rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Taluma, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and therefore God never wrought miracles to convince atheism because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

BACON.

WHATEVER of incompleteness is in the past, the future will finish. Whatever mistake is in the present the future will rectify; therefore I am at rest. Trust in my anchor; and I can bide the fog patiently, fearlessly. I am not in haste for it to depart, for I know it has a mission for me, though I may not know what it is.

SIDNEY SOUTHWORTH.

KEEP him at least three paces distant, who hates bread, music, and the laugh of a child.

LAVATER.

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